PATRIOTIC · POEMS

OXFORD · GARLANDS

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PATRIOTIC POEMS

SELECTED BY

R. M. LEONARD

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's.
SHAKESPEARE.

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PREFATORY NOTE

WHEN this collection of patriotic verse was being made the war cloud had not burst over Europe, but none the less the martial note is the most insistent in the following pages, which tell of old, unhappy, far-off things, when we were not on good terms with 'that sweet enemy, France'. Patriotism must naturally be less manifest when a people is at peace than when it is ranged on the perilous edge of battle. This month a chord has been struck in every heart by King George's confident messages to the Fleet—that it would 'revive and renew the old glories of the Royal Navy, and prove once again the sure shield of Britain and of her Empire in the hour of trial'—and to the Expeditionary Force on its departure for the front. Yet it is well to remember, especially at such a time as this, that they also serve who only stand and wait, and that a member, say, of the 'Religious Society of Friends' may be as good a patriot as an Admiral or a Field Marshal.

Doctor Johnson once 'suddenly uttered, in a strong determined tone, an apophthegm, at which many will start: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel."' Boswell was at pains, somewhat unnecessarily, to explain that Johnson 'did not mean a real and generous love of our country, but

that pretended patriotism which so many, in all ages and countries, have made a cloak for self-interest '. It speaks well for human nature that, after these many years of peace, self-sacrifice and not self-interest is everywhere observable.

Since the War Lord's breath ' first kindled the dead coals of war ', many a poet has been inspired to prove, if it may be, that

> The song that nerves a nation's heart
> Is in itself a deed ;

but in this volume will be found little that has not stood the test of time or criticism, and to some future anthologist must be allotted the task of separating the wheat from the chaff of topical verse. The great names of the past are now on all men's lips, and their memories are kept green in these pages. But there is many an unnamed hero who has died—or lived—for his country, now or soon to be forgotten, and many a one doomed shortly to lie in an obscure grave, not unhonoured yet unsung. To these might be applied Pope's echo of a poet greater than himself :

> They had no poet, and they died.

At the feet of such men and women, a noble army, I lay this garland.

R. M. L.

August 20, 1914.

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PATRIOTIC POEMS

AUGUST, 1914

THOU careless, awake!
Thou peacemaker, fight!
Stand, England, for honour,
And God guard the Right!

Thy mirth lay aside,
Thy cavil and play:
The foe is upon thee,
And grave is the day.

The monarch Ambition
Hath harnessed his slaves;
But the folk of the Ocean
Are free as the waves.

For peace thou art armed
Thy Freedom to hold:
Thy Courage as iron,
Thy Good-faith as gold.

Through Fire, Air, and Water
  Thy trial must be :
But they that love life best
  Die gladly for thee.

The Love of their mothers
  Is strong to command ;
The fame of their fathers
  Is might to their hand.

Much suffering shall cleanse thee ;
  But thou through the flood
Shalt win to Salvation,
  To Beauty through blood.

Up, careless, awake !
  Ye peacemakers, Fight !
England Stands for Honour
  God Defend the Right !

Robert Bridges,
Poet Laureate.

A WAR SONG TO ENGLISHMEN

Prepare, prepare the iron helm of war,
Bring forth the lots, cast in the spacious orb ;
Th' Angel of Fate turns them with mighty hands,
And casts them out upon the darkened earth !
  Prepare, prepare.

Prepare your hearts for Death's cold hand! prepare
Your souls for flight, your bodies for the earth;
Prepare your arms for glorious victory!
Prepare your eyes to meet a holy God!
Prepare, prepare.

Whose fatal scroll is that? Methinks 'tis mine!
Why sinks my heart, why faltereth my tongue?
Had I three lives, I'd die in such a cause,
And rise, with ghosts, over the well-fought field.
Prepare, prepare.

The arrows of Almighty God are drawn!
Angels of Death stand in the lowering heavens!
Thousands of souls must seek the realms of light,
And walk together on the clouds of heaven!
Prepare, prepare.

Soldiers, prepare! Our cause is Heaven's cause;
Soldiers, prepare! Be worthy of our cause:
Prepare to meet our fathers in the sky:
Prepare, O troops, that are to fall to-day!
Prepare, prepare.

Alfred shall smile, and make his harp rejoice;
The Norman William, and the learnèd Clerk,
And Lion Heart, and black-browed Edward, with
His loyal queen, shall rise, and welcome us!
Prepare, prepare.

W. Blake.

ENGLAND, BOUND IN WITH THE TRIUMPHANT SEA

This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessèd plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renownèd for their deeds as far from home,—
For Christian service and true chivalry,—
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessèd Mary's Son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land.

W. Shakespeare.

NAUGHT SHALL MAKE US RUE

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

W. Shakespeare.

ENGLAND: AN ODE

I

Sea and strand, and a lordlier land than sea-tides rolling and rising sun
Clasp and lighten in climes that brighten with day when day that was here is done,
Call aloud on their children, proud with trust that future and past are one.

Far and near from the swan's nest here the storm-birds bred of her fair white breast,
Sons whose home was the sea-wave's foam, have borne the fame of her east and west;
North and south has the storm-wind's mouth rung praise of England and England's quest.

Fame, wherever her flag flew, never forbore to fly with an equal wing:
France and Spain with their warrior train bowed down before her as thrall to king;
India knelt at her feet, and felt her sway more fruitful of life than spring.

Darkness round them as iron bound fell off from races of elder name,
Slain at sight of her eyes whose light bids freedom lighten and burn as flame;
Night endures not the touch that cures of kingship tyrants, and slaves of shame.

All the terror of time, where error and fear were lords of a world of slaves,

Age on age in resurgent rage and anguish darkening as waves on waves,
Fell or fled from a face that shed such grace as quickens the dust of graves.

Things of night at her glance took flight: the strengths of darkness recoiled and sank:
Sank the fires of the murderous pyres whereon wild agony writhed and shrank:
Rose the light of the reign of right from gulfs of years that the darkness drank.

Yet the might of her wings in flight, whence glory lightens and music rings,
Loud and bright as the dawn's, shall smite and still the discord of evil things,
Yet not slain by her radiant reign, but darkened now by her sail-stretched wings.

II

Music made of change and conquest, glory born of evil slain,
Stilled the discord, slew the darkness, bade the lights of tempest wane,
Where the deathless dawn of England rose in sign that right should reign.

Mercy, where the tiger wallowed mad and blind with blood and lust,
Justice, where the jackal yelped and fed, and slaves allowed it just,
Rose as England's light on Asia rose, and smote them down to dust.

Justice bright as mercy, mercy girt by justice with her sword,
Smote and saved and raised and ruined, till the tyrant-ridden horde
Saw the lightning fade from heaven and knew the sun for God and lord.

Where the footfall sounds of England, where the smile of England shines,
Rings the tread and laughs the face of freedom, fair as hope divines
Days to be, more brave than ours and lit by lordlier stars for signs.

All our past acclaims our future: Shakespeare's voice and Nelson's hand,
Milton's faith and Wordsworth's trust in this our chosen and chainless land,
Bear us witness: come the world against her, England yet shall stand.

Earth and sea bear England witness if he lied who said it; he
Whom the winds that ward her, waves that clasp, and herb and flower and tree
Fed with English dews and sunbeams, hail as more than man may be.

No man ever spake as he that bade our England be but true,
Keep but faith with England fast and firm, and none should bid her rue;
None may speak as he: but all may know the sign that Shakespeare knew.

III

From the springs of the dawn, from the depths of the noon, from the heights of the night that shine,
Hope, faith, and remembrance of glory that found but in England her throne and her shrine,
Speak louder than song may proclaim them, that here is the seal of them set for a sign.

And loud as the sea's voice thunders applause of the land that is one with the sea
Speaks Time in the ear of the people that never at heart was not inly free
The word of command that assures us of life, if we will but that life shall be ;

If the race that is first of the races of men who behold unashamed the sun
Stand fast and forget not the sign that is given of the years and the wars that are done,
The token that all who are born of its blood should in heart as in blood be one.

The word of remembrance that lightens as fire from the steeps of the storm lit past
Bids only the faith of our fathers endure in us firm as they held it fast :
That the glory which was from the first upon England alone may endure to the last.

That the love and the hate may change not, the faith may not fade, nor the wrath nor scorn,
That shines for her sons and that burns for her foemen as fire of the night or the morn :

That the births of her womb may forget not the sign
of the glory wherein they were born.

A light that is more than the sunlight, an air that
is brighter than morning's breath,
Clothes England about as the strong sea clasps her,
and answers the word that it saith;
The word that assures her of life if she change not,
and choose not the ways of death.

Change darkens and lightens around her, alternate
in hope and in fear to be:
Hope knows not if fear speak truth, nor fear whether
hope be not blind as she:
But the sun is in heaven that beholds her immortal,
and girdled with life by the sea.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND

WHAT have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful sun,
England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
England, my own?
When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England:—
'Take and break us: we are yours,
England, my own!
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky:
Death is death; but we shall die
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
To the stars on your bugles blown!'

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England:
You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own!
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies,
You could know nor dread nor ease
Were the Song on your bugles blown,
England,
Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of Ships whose might,
England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
England, my own,
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
There 's the menace of the Word
In the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

W. E. Henley.

THE PATH OF DUTY

Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

Lord Tennyson.

LOVE THOU THY LAND

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Through future time by power of thought.

True love turned round on fixèd poles,
  Love, that endures not sordid ends,
  For English natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,
  Nor feed with crude imaginings
  The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings,
That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might
  To weakness, neither hide the ray
  From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Though sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the winds;
  But let her herald, Reverence, fly
  Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

Watch what main-currents draw the years:
  Cut Prejudice against the grain:
  But gentle words are always gain:
Regard the weakness of thy peers:

Nor toil for title, place, or touch
  Of pension, neither count on praise:
  It grows to guerdon after-days:
Nor deal in watchwords overmuch;

Not clinging to some ancient saw;
  Not mastered by some modern term;
  Not swift nor slow to change, but firm:
And in its season bring the law;

That from Discussion's lip may fall
With Life, that, working strongly, binds—
Set in all lights by many minds,
To close the interests of all.

LORD TENNYSON.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As Spring revives the year,
And hails us with the cuckoo's song,
To show that she is here;
So long as May of April takes,
In smiles and tears, farewell,
And windflowers dapple all the brakes,
And primroses the dell;
While children in the woodlands yet
Adorn their little laps
With ladysmock and violet,
And daisy-chain their caps;
While over orchard daffodils
Cloud-shadows float and fleet,
And ouzel pipes and laverock trills,
And young lambs buck and bleat;
So long as that which bursts the bud
And swells and tunes the rill,
Makes springtime in the maiden's blood,
Life is worth living still.

Life not worth living! Come with me,
  Now that, through vanishing veil,
Shimmers the dew on lawn and lea,
  And milk foams in the pail;
Now that June's sweltering sunlight bathes
  With sweat the striplings lithe,
As fall the long straight scented swathes
  Over the crescent scythe;
Now that the throstle never stops
  His self-sufficing strain,
And woodbine-trails festoon the copse,
  And eglantine the lane;
Now rustic labour seems as sweet
  As leisure, and blithe herds
Wend homeward with unweary feet,
  Carolling like the birds;
Now all, except the lover's vow,
  And nightingale, is still;
Here, in the twilight hour, allow,
  Life is worth living still.

When Summer, lingering half-forlorn,
  On Autumn loves to lean,
And fields of slowly yellowing corn
  Are girt by woods still green;
When hazel-nuts wax brown and plump,
  And apples rosy-red,
And the owlet hoots from hollow stump,
  And the dormouse makes its bed;
When crammed are all the granary floors,
  And the Hunter's moon is bright,

And life again is sweet indoors,
And logs again alight;
Aye, even when the houseless wind
Waileth through cleft and chink,
And in the twilight maids grow kind,
And jugs are filled and clink;
When children clasp their hands and pray
'Be done Thy heavenly will!'
Who doth not lift his voice, and say,
'Life is worth living still'?

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right,
Wail of the weak against the strong,
Or tyranny to fight;
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,
Or streaming tear to dry,
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face
That smiles as we draw nigh:
Long as a tale of anguish swells
The heart, and lids grow wet,
And at the sound of Christmas bells
We pardon and forget;
So long as Faith with Freedom reigns,
And loyal Hope survives,
And gracious Charity remains
To leaven lowly lives;
While there is one untrodden tract
For Intellect or Will,
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still.

Not care to live while English homes
Nestle in English trees,
And England's Trident-Sceptre roams
Her territorial seas!
Not live while English songs are sung
Wherever blows the wind,
And England's laws and England's tongue
Enfranchise half mankind!
So long as in Pacific main,
Or on Atlantic strand,
Our kin transmit the parent strain,
And love the Mother-Land;
So long as in this ocean Realm,
Victoria and her Line
Retain the heritage of the helm,
By loyalty divine;
So long as flashes English steel,
And English trumpets shrill,
He is dead already who doth not feel
Life is worth living still.

A. Austin.

ENGLAND

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country! and, while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,

I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy senate and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
As any thunderer there. And I can feel
Thy follies, too; and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.
How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth
And tender as a girl, all essenc'd o'er
With odours, and as profligate as sweet;
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight; when such as these
Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?
Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children. Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.

W. Cowper.

A PEOPLE YET

FROM THE 'ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'

A PEOPLE'S voice! we are a people yet.
Though all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control;
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Remember him who led your hosts;
He bad you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever; and whatever tempests lour
For ever silent; even if they broke
In thunder, silent; yet remember all

He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke ;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power ;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Through either babbling world of high and low ;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
Who never spoke against a foe ;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right :
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ;
Truth-lover was our English Duke ;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE ENGLISH HOME

'Tis now as when the Prophet cried :
' The nation hast Thou multiplied,
But Thou hast not increased the joy ! '
And yet, ere wrath or rot destroy
Of England's state the ruin fair,
Oh, might I so its charms declare,
That, in new Lands, in far-off years,
Delighted he should cry that hears :
' Great is the Land that somewhat best
Works, to the wonder of the rest !
We, in our day, have better done
This thing or that than any one ;

And who but, still admiring, sees
How excellent for images
Was Greece, for laws how wise was Rome;
But read this Poet, and say if home
And private love did e'er so smile
As in that ancient English Isle!'

C. PATMORE.

RULE, BRITANNIA

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain—
'Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.'

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
  Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
  And every shore it circles thine.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
  Shall to thy happy coast repair :
Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crowned,
  And manly hearts to guard the fair.
    ' Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
    Britons never will be slaves.'

J. THOMSON.

BOADICEA : AN ODE

WHEN the British warrior queen,
  Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
  Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak
  Sat the Druid, hoary chief ;
Every burning word he spoke
  Full of rage, and full of grief.

Princess ! if our aged eyes
  Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
  All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word
  In the blood that she has spilt ;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
  Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize—
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Caesar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending, as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

W. COWPER.

O CALEDONIA! STERN AND WILD

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
  From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.
  O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.

Sir W. Scott.

DARK ROSALEEN

O my Dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There 's wine from the royal Pope,
Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over hills, and through dales,
Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne, at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Oh, there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro do I move.
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!

The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my Queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen !

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen ;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen !

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly, for your weal :
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home, in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My fond Rosaleen !

You'll think of me through daylight hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
  I could plough the high hills,
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,
  To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
  Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

O, the Erne shall run red,
  With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
  And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan-cry
  Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
  My Dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
The Judgement Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
  My Dark Rosaleen!

J. C. Mangan.

WHEN HE, WHO ADORES THEE

When he, who adores thee, has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

T. Moore.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing:
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking;—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him ;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

T. MOORE.

THE MINSTREL BOY

THE Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him ;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.–
'Land of song ! ' said the warrior-bard,
'Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee ! '

The Minstrel fell !—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under ;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder ;
And said, 'No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery !
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery.'

T. MOORE.

THE OBLATION

Ask nothing more of me, sweet ;
All I can give you I give.
Heart of my heart, were it more,
More would be laid at your feet :
Love that should help you to live,
Song that should spur you to soar.

All things were nothing to give
Once to have sense of you more,
Touch you and taste of you sweet,
Think you and breathe you and live,
Swept of your wings as they soar,
Trodden by chance of your feet.

I that have love and no more
Give you but love of you, sweet :
He that hath more, let him give ;
He that hath wings, let him soar ;
Mine is the heart at your feet
Here, that must love you to live.

A. C. Swinburne.

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND

Welcome, wild North-easter !
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr ;
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-easter !
O'er the German foam ;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.

Tired we are of summer,
  Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
  Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming,
  Through the lazy day.
Jovial wind of winter
  Turn us out to play!
Sweep the golden reed-beds;
  Crisp the lazy dyke;
Hunger into madness
  Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild-fowl;
  Fill the marsh with snipe;
While on dreary moorlands
  Lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir-forest
  Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
  Off the curdled sky.
Hark! The brave North-easter!
  Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
  Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
  Through the sleet and snow.
Who can over-ride you?
  Let the horses go!
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
  Down the roaring blast;

You shall see a fox die
  Ere an hour be past.
Go ! and rest to-morrow,
  Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
  O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind
  Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
  Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
  Heart alike and pen ?
'Tis the hard grey weather
  Breeds hard English men.
What 's the soft South-wester ?
  'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
  Out of all the seas :
But the black North-easter,
  Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
  Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
  Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
  Lords by land and sea.
Come ; and strong within us
  Stir the Vikings' blood ;
Bracing brain and sinew ;
  Blow, thou wind of God !

C. KINGSLEY.

THE ENGLISH AND THE SEA

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a covenant with the inconstant sky;
Our oaks secure as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

E. Waller.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There 's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;

The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

A. CUNNINGHAM.

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

You brave heroic minds,
Worthy your country's name;
That honour still pursue,
Go, and subdue,
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home, with shame.

Britons, you stay too long,
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretched sail,
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
West and by south forth keep,
Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals,
When Aeolus scowls,
You need not fear,
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea
Success you still entice,
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold
Virginia,
Earth's only Paradise.

Where Nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish,
And the fruitfull'st soil,
Without your toil,
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine
And useful sassafras.

To whom the Golden Age
Still Nature's laws doth give,
No other cares that tend,
But them to defend
From winter's rage,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
Above the seas that flows,
The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand.

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given)
O you the happiest men
Be frolic then,
Let cannons roar
Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions far
Such heroes bring ye forth,
  As those from whom we came,
  And plant our name,
Under that star
Not unknown unto our North.

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere,
  Apollo's sacred tree,
  You may it see,
A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there.

Thy voyages attend,
Industrious Hackluyt,
  Whose reading shall inflame
  Men to seek fame,
And much commend
To after-times thy wit

M. Drayton.

THE ARMADA

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace,
And the tall *Pinta*, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair, unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the drums;
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample space;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.

Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Caesar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, sir Knight: ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious *semper eadem*, the banner of our pride.
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold:
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;

For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves:
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves:
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew
And roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill that streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;

At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear ;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer :
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street ;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in :
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still :
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they sprang from hill to hill :
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,

Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's
crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's
stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the
boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale
of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's
embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers
of Carlisle.

LORD MACAULAY.

A BALLAD TO QUEEN ELIZABETH

OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

KING PHILIP had vaunted his claims;
He had sworn for a year he would sack us;
With an army of heathenish names
He was coming to fagot and stack us;
Like the thieves of the sea he would track us,
And shatter our ships on the main;
But we had bold Neptune to back us,—
And where are the galleons of Spain?

His carackes were christened of dames
To the kirtles whereof he would tack us;

With his saints and his gilded stern-frames,
  He had thought like an egg-shell to crack us ;
  Now Howard may get to his Flaccus,
And Drake to his Devon again,
  And Hawkins bowl rubbers to Bacchus,—
For where are the galleons of Spain ?

Let his Majesty hang to St. James
  The axe that he whetted to hack us ;
He must play at some lustier games
  Or at sea he can hope to out-thwack us ;
  To his mines of Peru he would pack us
To tug at his bullet and chain ;
  Alas ! that his Greatness should lack us !—
But where are the galleons of Spain ?

Envoy

  Gloriana ! the Don may attack us
Whenever his stomach be fain ;
  He must reach us before he can rack us, . . .
And where are the galleons of Spain ?

Austin Dobson.

DRAKE'S DRUM

Drake he 's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
  (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
  An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.
Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
'Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder 's runnin' low ;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago.'
Drake he 's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;
Where the old trade 's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago !

H. NEWBOLT.

THE HONOUR OF BRISTOL

ATTEND you and give ear awhile,
and you shall understand,
Of a battle fought upon the seas,
by a ship of brave command ;

The fight it was so famous
that all men's heart doth fill,
And makes them cry, 'To sea
with the Angel Gabriel!'

The lusty ship of Bristol
sailed out adventurously
Against the foes of England,
their strength with them to try;
Well victualled, rigged, and manned,
and good provision still,
Which makes men cry, 'To sea,
with the Angel Gabriel!'

The Captain, famous Netheway,
so was he called by name;
The Master's name John Mines,
a man of noted fame:
The Gunner Thomas Watson,
a man of perfect skill,
With other valiant hearts
in the Angel Gabriel.

They waving up and down the seas,
upon the ocean main;
'It is not long ago,' quoth they,
'Since England fought with Spain!
Would we with them might meet,
our minds for to fulfil,
We would play a noble bout
with our Angel Gabriel!'

They had no sooner spoken,
but straight appeared in sight
Three lusty Spanish vessels,
of warlike force and might;
With bloody resolution
they sought our men to spill,
And vowed to make a prize
of our Angel Gabriel.

Then first came up their Admiral,
themselves for to advance,
In her she bore full forty-eight
pieces of ordinance;
The next that then came near us
was their Vice-Admiral,
Which shot most furiously
at our Angel Gabriel.

Our gallant ship had in her
full forty fighting men;
With twenty pieces of ord'nance
we played about them then;
With powder, shot, and bullets,
we did employ them still,
And thus began the fight
with our Angel Gabriel.

Our Captain to our Master said,
'Take courage, Master bold';
The Master to the seamen said,
'Stand fast, my hearts of gold';
The Gunner unto all the rest,
'Brave hearts, be valiant still,

Let us fight in the defence
of our Angel Gabriel!'

Then we gave them a broadside,
which shot their mast asunder,
And tore the bowsprit of their ship,
which made the Spaniards wonder;
And caused them for to cry,
With voices loud and shrill:
'Help, help, or else we sink
by the Angel Gabriel.'

Yet desperately they boarded us,
for all our valiant shot;
Threescore of their best fighting-men
upon our decks were got;
And then at their first entrance
full thirty we did kill;
And thus we cleared the decks
of the Angel Gabriel.

With that, their three ships boarded us
again with might and main,
But still our noble Englishmen
cried out 'A fig for Spain!'
Though seven times they boarded us,
at last we showed our skill,
And made them feel the force
of our Angel Gabriel.

Seven hours this fight continued,
and many brave men lay dead,
With purple gore and Spanish blood
the sea was coloured red;

Five hundred of their men
we there outright did kill;
And many more were maimed
by the Angel Gabriel.

They seeing of these bloody spoils,
the rest made haste away,
For why, they saw it was no boot,
any longer for to stay;
Then they fled into Calès,
and there they must lie still,
For they never more will dare to meet
our Angel Gabriel.

We had within our English ship
but only three men slain;
And five men hurt, the which, I hope,
will soon be well again.
At Bristol we were landed,
and let us praise God still,
That thus hath blest our men,
and our Angel Gabriel.

Now let me not forget to speak
of the gift given by the owner
Of the *Angel Gabriel,*
that many years have known her;
Two hundred pounds in coin and plate,
he gave with free goodwill,
Unto them that bravely fought
in the Angel Gabriel.

L. Price (?).

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone,—
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand ;
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
' Hearts of oak ! ' our captain cried ; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,

Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back :
Their shots along the deep slowly boom ;
Then ceased—and all is wail
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then
As he hailed them o'er the wave,
' Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save ;
So peace instead of death let us bring :
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'

Then Denmark blessed our chief
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day;
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,

Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died
With the gallant good Riou—
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

T. Campbell.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

Toll for the brave—
The brave! that are no more:
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore.
Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side;
A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave—
Brave Kempenfelt is gone

His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.
It was not in the battle,
No tempest gave the shock,
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock;
His sword was in the sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes,
And mingle with your cup
The tears that England owes;
Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main;
But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his Eight hundred
Must plough the wave no more.

W. COWPER.

THE HALLOWING OF THE FLEET

HER captains for the Baltic bound
In silent homage stood around;
Silent, whilst holy dew
Dimmed her kind eyes. She stood in tears,
For she had felt a mother's fears,
And wifely cares she knew.

She wept ; she could not bear to say,
' Sail forth, my mariners, and slay
The liegemen of my foe.'
Meanwhile on Russian steppe and lake
Are women weeping for the sake
Of them that seaward go.

O warriors, when you stain with gore,
If this indeed must be, the floor
Whereon that lady stept,
When the fierce joy of battle won
Hardens the heart of sire and son,
Remember that she wept.

W. J. Cory.

HEARTS OF OAK

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year ;
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves ?
Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er meet our foes but we wish them to stay,
They ne'er meet us but they wish us away ;
If they run, then we follow, and drive them ashore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
Hearts of oak, &c.

They talk to invade us, these terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children, and beaux;
But, if their flat bottoms in darkness come o'er,
Sure Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.
Hearts of oak, &c.

We'll make them to run, and we'll make them to sweat,
In spite of the Devil and Russel's Gazette;
Then, cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our king.
Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.
D. Garrick.

THE *ARETHUSA*

Come, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold,
Huzza to the *Arethusa!*
She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemmed the dashing wave;
Her men are staunch
To their fav'rite launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike we'll all expire
On board of the *Arethusa.*

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out
The English Channel to cruise about,

When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the *Arethusa*.
The famed *Belle Poule* straight ahead did lie,
The *Arethusa* seemed to fly,
Not a sheet, or a tack,
Or a brace, did she slack,
Though the Frenchmen laughed and thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
On board of the *Arethusa*.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France;
We, with two hundred, did advance
On board of the *Arethusa*.
Our captain hailed the Frenchman, 'Ho!'
The Frenchman then cried out 'Hallo!'
'Bear down, d'ye see,
To our Admiral's lee!'
'No, no,' says the Frenchman, 'that can't be!'
'Then I must lug you along with me!'
Says the saucy *Arethusa*.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
We forced them back upon their strand;
For we fought till not a stick would stand
Of the gallant *Arethusa*.
And now we've driven the foe ashore
Never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill a glass
To his fav'rite lass!
A health to our captain, and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew,
On board of the *Arethusa*.

PRINCE HOARE.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

A NAVAL ODE

Ye Mariners of England
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze—
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow,—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow,—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow,—

When the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow,—
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

T. CAMPBELL.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-West died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest North-East distance dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;
'Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?'—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

R. BROWNING

THE NELSON TOUCH

HERE 's to Nelson's memory !
'Tis the second time that I, at sea,
Right off Cape Trafalgar here,
Have drunk it deep in British Beer.
Nelson for ever—any time
Am I his to command in prose or rhyme !
Give me of Nelson only a touch,
And I save it, be it little or much :
Here 's one our Captain gives, and so
Down at the word, by George, shall it go !
He says that at Greenwich they point the beholder
To Nelson's coat, ' still with tar on the shoulder,
For he used to lean with one shoulder digging,
Jigging, as it were, and zig-zag-zigging
Up against the mizen-rigging ! '

R. BROWNING.

TRAFALGAR DAY

SEA, that art ours as we are thine, whose name
Is one with England's even as light with flame,
Dost thou as we, thy chosen of all men, know
This day of days when death gave life to fame ?

Dost thou not kindle above and thrill below
With rapturous record, with memorial glow,
Remembering this thy festal day of fight,
And all the joy it gave, and all the woe ?

Never since day broke flowerlike forth of night
Broke such a dawn of battle. Death in sight
Made of the man whose life was like the sun
A man more godlike than the lord of light.

There is none like him, and there shall be none.
When England bears again as great a son,
He can but follow fame where Nelson led.
There is not and there cannot be but one.

As earth has but one England, crown and head
Of all her glories till the sun be dead,
Supreme in peace and war, supreme in song,
Supreme in freedom, since her rede was read,

Since first the soul that gave her speech grew strong
To help the right and heal the wild world's wrong,
So she hath but one royal Nelson, born
To reign on time above the years that throng.

The music of his name puts fear to scorn,
And thrills our twilight through with sense of morn :
As England was, how should not England be ?
No tempest yet has left her banner torn.

No year has yet put out the day when he
Who lived and died to keep our kingship free
Wherever seas by warring winds are worn
Died, and was one with England and the sea.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

October 21, 1895.

GIBRALTAR

England, we love thee better than we know—
And this I learned when, after wanderings long
'Mid people of another stock and tongue,
I heard again thy martial music blow,
And saw thy gallant children to and fro
Pace, keeping ward at one of those huge gates,
Which like twin giants watch the Herculean Straits:
When first I came in sight of that brave show,
It made the very heart within me dance,
To think that thou thy proud foot shouldst advance
Forward so far into the mighty sea.
Joy was it and exultation to behold
Thine ancient standard's rich emblazonry,
A glorious picture by the wind unrolled.

R. C. Trench.

Seven weeks of sea, and twice seven days of storm
Upon the huge Atlantic, and once more
We ride into still water and the calm
Of a sweet evening, screened by either shore
Of Spain and Barbary. Our toils are o'er,
Our exile is accomplished. Once again
We look on Europe, mistress as of yore
Of the fair earth and of the hearts of men.
Ay, this is the famed rock which Hercules
And Goth and Moor bequeathed us. At this door
England stands sentry. God! to hear the shrill
Sweet treble of her fifes upon the breeze,
And at the summons of the rock gun's roar
To see her red coats marching from the hill!

W. S. Blunt

ADMIRALS ALL

Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
  Here 's to the bold and free !
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
  Hail to the Kings of the Sea !
Admirals all, for England's sake,
  Honour be yours and fame !
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
  To Nelson's peerless name !

Admirals all, for England's sake,
  Honour be yours and fame !
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
  To Nelson's peerless name !

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
  With the galleons fair in sight ;
Howard at last must give him his way,
  And the word was passed to fight.
Never was schoolboy gayer than he,
  Since holidays first began :
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
  And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
  Their cities he put to the sack ;
He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,
  And harried his ships to wrack.
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
  When the great Armada came ;
But he said, 'They must wait their turn, good souls,'
  And he stooped, and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two;
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled
And his colours aloft he flew.
'I've taken the depth to a fathom,' he cried,
'And I'll sink with a right good will,
For I know when we're all of us under the tide,
My flag will be fluttering still.'

Splinters were flying above, below,
When Nelson sailed the Sound:
'Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,'
Said he, 'for a thousand pound!'
The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
But he wickedly wagged his head,
He clapped the glass to his sightless eye
And 'I'm damned if I see it!' he said.

Admirals all, they said their say
(The echoes are ringing still),
Admirals all, they went their way
To the haven under the hill.
But they left us a kingdom none can take,
The realm of the circling sea,
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake
And the Rodneys yet to be.

Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame!
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

H. NEWBOLT.

THE BIRKENHEAD

Amid the loud ebriety of war,
With shouts of ' la République ' and ' la Gloire ',
The *Vengeur's* crew, 'twas said, with flying flag
And broadside blazing level with the wave
Went down erect, defiant, to their grave
Beneath the sea. 'Twas but a Frenchman's brag,
Yet Europe rang with it for many a year.
Now we recount no fable : England, hear !
And when they tell thee ' England is a fen
Corrupt, a kingdom tottering to decay,
Her nerveless burghers lying an easy prey
For the first comer,' tell how the other day
A crew of half a thousand Englishmen
Went down into the deep in Simon's Bay !

Not with the cheer of battle in the throat,
Or cannon-glare or din to stir their blood,
But, roused from dreams of home to find their boat
Fast sinking, mustered on the deck they stood,
Biding God's pleasure and their chief's command.
Calm was the sea, but not less calm that band
Close ranged upon the poop, with bated breath,
But flinching not though eye to eye with death.
Heroes ! Who were these heroes ? Veterans steeled
To face the King of Terrors mid the scaith
Of many a hurricane and trenchèd field ?
Far other : weavers from the stocking-frame ;
Boys from the plough ; cornets with beardless chin,
But steeped in honour and in discipline.

Weep, Britain, for the Cape whose ill-starred name,
Long since divorced from Hope, suggests but shame,
Disaster, and thy captains held at bay
By naked hordes ; but, as thou weepest, thank
Heaven for those undegenerate sons who sank
Aboard the *Birkenhead* in Simon's Bay !

SIR H. YULE.

O ! FOR A MUSE OF FIRE

O ! FOR a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention ;
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.
Then should the war-like Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars ; and at his heels,
Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraisèd spirits that hath dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object : can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt ?
O, pardon ! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million ;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,

Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder :
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts :
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance ;
Think when we talk of horses that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth ;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

WE BAND OF BROTHERS

BY Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O ! do not wish one more :
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company

That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

AGINCOURT; OR, THE ENGLISH BOWMAN'S GLORY

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
Where English slew and hurt
All their French foemen ?
With our pikes and bills brown,
How the French were beat down,
Shot by our bowmen ?

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt,
Never to be forgot
Or known to no men ?
Where English cloth-yard arrows
Killed the French like tame sparrows,
Slain by our bowmen ?

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
Where we won field and fort ?
French fled like women
By land and eke by water ;
Never was seen such slaughter,
Made by our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
English of every sort,
High men and low men,
Fought that day wondrous well, as
All our old stories tell us,
Thanks to our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
Either tale, or report,
    Quickly will show men
What can be done by courage,
Men without food or forage,
    Still lusty bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
Where such a fight was fought,
    As, when they grow men,
Our boys shall imitate ;
Nor need we long to wait ;
    They'll be good bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
Where our fifth Harry taught
    Frenchmen to know men :
And, when the day was done,
Thousands there fell to one
    Good English bowman !

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Huzza for Agincourt !
When that day is forgot
    There will be no men.
It was a day of glory,
And till our heads are hoary
    Praise we our bowmen

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
When our best hopes were nought,
Tenfold our foemen.
Harry led his men to battle,
Slew the French like sheep and cattle :
Huzza ! our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
O, it was noble sport !
Then did we owe men ;
Men, who a victory won us
'Gainst any odds among us :
Such were our bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
Dear was the victory bought
By fifty yeomen.
Ask any English wench,
They were worth all the French,
Rare English bowmen !

UNKNOWN.

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

FAIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance,
Longer will tarry ;

But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort
Marcheth tow'rds Agincourt
In happy hour ;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay,
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the king sending.
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazèd.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won,
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raisèd.

And, for myself (quoth he),
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell,
No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat,
Lopped the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread,
The eager vaward led;
With the main, Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there;
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder;

That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly
The English archery
Stuck the French horses,

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Gloucester, that Duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that famous fight,
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry;

Oh, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry ?

M. DRAYTON.

THE BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY

THE fifteenth day of July,
with glistering spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
was foughten in the field :
The most courageous officers
was English captains three,
But the bravest man in battle
was brave Lord Willoughby.

The next was Captain Norris,
a valiant man was he :
The other, Captain Turner,
that from field would never flee :
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
alas ! there was no more,
They fought with forty thousand then
upon the bloody shore.

'Stand to it, noble pikemen,
and look you round about ;
And shoot you right, you bowmen,
and we will keep them out :

You musket and cailiver men
do you prove true to me,
I'll be the foremost man in fight,'
says brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the bloody enemy
they fiercely did assail :
And fought it out most valiantly,
not doubting to prevail :
The wounded men on both sides fell,
most piteous for to see,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
of brave Lord Willoughby.

For seven hours to all men's view
this fight endurèd sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
that they could fight no more :
And then upon dead horses
full savourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water,
for no better they could get.

When they had fed so freely,
they kneelèd on the ground,
And praisèd God devoutly,
for the favour they had found ;
And bearing up their colours,
the fight they did renew,
And turning toward the Spaniard,
five thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows,
and bullets thick did fly,
Then did our valiant soldiers
charge on most furiously:
Which made the Spaniards waver,
they thought it best to flee,
They feared the stout behaviour
of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then quoth the Spanish General,
'Come, let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoilèd all,
if that we longer stay:
For yonder comes Lord Willoughby,
with courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of ground,
for all the devils in hell.'

And then the fearful enemy
was quickly put to flight,
Our men pursued courageously,
and rout their forces quite:
And at last they gave a shout,
which echoed through the sky,
'God and Saint George for England!'
the conquerors did cry.

This news was brought to England,
with all the speed might be,
And told unto our gracious Queen,
of this same victory:

'O this is brave Lord Willoughby,
my love hath ever won,
Of all the lords of honour,
'tis he great deeds hath done.'

For soldiers that were maimèd,
and wounded in the fray,
The Queen allowed a pension
of eighteen pence a day:
Beside, all costs and charges
she quit and set them free,
And this she did all for the sake
of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
and never be dismayed,
If that we be but one to ten,
we will not be afraid
To fight the foreign enemies,
and set our country free,
And thus I end this bloody bout
of brave Lord Willoughby.

UNKNOWN.

MARY AMBREE

WHEN captains courageous, whom death could not daunt,
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,
They mustered their soldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major was slain in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy and delight,
Because he was slain most treacherously
Then vowed to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothèd herself from the top to the toe
In buff of the bravest, most seemly to show ;
A fair shirt of mail then slippèd on she ;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

A helmet of proof she straight did provide,
A strong arming sword she girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly fair gauntlet put she ;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
Bidding all such, as would, be of her band ;
To wait on her person came thousand and three.
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

My soldiers, she saith, so valiant and bold,
Now follow your captain whom you do behold ;
Still foremost in battle myself will I be :
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

Then cried out her soldiers, and loud they did say,
So well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy heart and thy weapons so well do agree,
There was none ever like Mary Ambree.

She cheerèd her soldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancient and standard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpets, that sounded so free ;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death, or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture so free :
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

She led up her soldiers in battle array,
'Gainst three times their number by break of the day;
Seven hours in skirmish continuèd she :
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

She fillèd the skies with the smoke of her shot,
And her enemies' bodies with bullets so hot ;
For one of her own men a score killèd she :
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

And when her false gunner, to spoil her intent,
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,
Straight with her keen weapon she slashed him in three :
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

Being falsely betrayed for lucre of hire,
At length she was forced to make a retire ;
Then her soldiers into a strong castle drew she :
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ?

Her foes they beset her on every side,
As thinking close siege she could never abide ;
To beat down the walls they all did decree :
But stoutly defied them brave Mary Ambree.

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
There daring their captains to match any three :
O what a brave captain was Mary Ambree !

Now say, English captain, what wouldest thou give
To ransom thyself, which else must not live?
Come yield thyself quickly, or slain thou must be.
Then smilèd sweetly brave Mary Ambree.

Ye captains courageous, of valour so bold,
Whom think you before you now you do behold?
A knight, sir, of England, and captain so free,
Who shortly with us a prisoner must be.

No captain of England; behold in your sight
Two breasts in my bosom, and therefore no knight:
No knight, sirs, of England, nor captain you see,
But a poor simple lass, called Mary Ambree.

But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
Whose valour hath proved so undaunted in war?
If England doth yield such brave lasses as thee,
Full well may they conquer, fair Mary Ambree.

The Prince of Great Parma heard of her renown,
Who long had advancèd for England's fair crown;
He wooed her and sued her his mistress to be,
And offered rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But this virtuous maiden despisèd them all,
I'll ne'er sell my honour for purple nor pall:
A maiden of England, sir, never will be
The toy of a monarch, quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her own country she back did return,
Still holding the foes of fair England in scorn:
Therefore English captains of every degree
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

UNKNOWN.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these;
But of all the world's brave heroes, there 's none that can compare
With a tow row row row row row, for the British Grenadier.

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon-ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
Sing tow row row row row row, for the British Grenadiers.

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses, and we with hand-grenades;
We throw them from the glacis, about the enemies' ears,
Sing tow row row row row row, for the British Grenadiers.

And when the siege is over we to the town repair,
The townsmen cry, hurrah, boys, here comes a Grenadier,
Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts or fears,
Sing tow row row row row row, for the British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loupèd clothes ;
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
With a tow row row row row row, for the British Grenadiers.

UNKNOWN.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat ?
Then let the loons beware, Sir,
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, Sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally !

O let us not like snarling tykes
In wrangling be divided,
Till, slap ! come in an unco loon
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united ;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted !

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't ;
But deil a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.

Our fathers' blude the kettle bought,
An' wha wad dare to spoil it ?
By heavens ! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it !

The wretch that would a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true-born brother,
Who'd set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be damned together !
Who will not sing ' God save the King,'
Shall hang as high 's the steeple ;
But while we sing ' God save the King,'
We'll not forget the people !

R. BURNS.

TO THE MEN OF KENT

VANGUARD of Liberty, ye men of Kent,
Ye children of a soil that doth advance
Her haughty brow against the coast of France,
Now is the time to prove your hardiment !
To France be words of invitation sent !
They from their fields can see the countenance
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.
Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore,
Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath ;
Confirmed the charters that were yours before ;—
No parleying now. In Britain is one breath :
We all are with you now from shore to shore ;—
Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death !

W. WORDSWORTH

October, 1803.

LINES ON THE EXPECTED INVASION (1803)

Come ye—who, if (which Heaven avert !) the Land
Were with herself at strife, would take your stand,
Like gallant Falkland, by the Monarch's side,
And, like Montrose, make Loyalty your pride—
Come ye—who, not less zealous, might display
Banners at enmity with regal sway,
And, like the Pyms and Miltons of that day,
Think that a State would live in sounder health
If Kingship bowed its head to Commonwealth—
Ye too—whom no discreditable fear
Would keep, perhaps with many a fruitless tear,
Uncertain what to choose and how to steer—
And ye—who might mistake for sober sense
And wise reserve the plea of indolence—
Come ye—whate'er your creed—O waken all,
Whate'er your temper, at your Country's call ;
Resolving (this a free-born Nation can)
To have one Soul, and perish to a man,
Or save this honoured Land from every Lord
But British reason and the British sword.

W. Wordsworth.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring:
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

C. WOLFE.

WATERLOO

He, who in concert with an earthly string
Of Britain's acts would sing,
He with enraptured voice will tell
Of One whose spirit no reverse could quell;
Of One that 'mid the failing never failed—
Who paints how Britain struggled and prevailed
Shall represent her labouring with an eye
Of circumspect humanity;
Shall show her clothed with strength and skill
All martial duties to fulfil;
Firm as a rock in stationary fight;
In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam;
Fierce as a flood-gate bursting at midnight
To rouse the wicked from their giddy dream—
Woe, woe to all that face her in the field!
Appalled she may not be, and cannot yield.

W. Wordsworth.

BUONAPARTE

He thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak,
Madman!—to chain with chains, and bind with bands
That island queen that sways the floods and lands
From Ind to Ind, but in fair daylight woke,
When from her wooden walls, lit by sure hands,
With thunders, and with lightnings, and with smoke,
Peal after peal, the British battle broke,
Lulling the brine against the Coptic sands.

We taught him lowlier moods, when Elsinore
Heard the war moan along the distant sea,
Rocking with shattered spars, with sudden fires
Flamed over: at Trafalgar yet once more
We taught him: late he learned humility
Perforce, like those whom Gideon schooled with briers.

LORD TENNYSON.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!' he said;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;

Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
O the wild charge they made !
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made !
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred !

LORD TENNYSON.

THE LESSON OF THE WAR
(1855)

THE feast is spread through England
For rich and poor to-day ;
Greetings and laughter may be there,
But thoughts are far away ;
Over the stormy ocean,
Over the dreary track,
Where some are gone, whom England
Will never welcome back.

Breathless she waits, and listens
For every eastern breeze
That bears upon its bloody wings
News from beyond the seas.
The leafless branches stirring
Make many a watcher start ;
The distant tramp of steed may send
A throb from heart to heart.

The rulers of the nation,
The poor ones at their gate,
With the same eager wonder
The same great news await !

The poor man's stay and comfort,
  The rich man's joy and pride,
Upon the bleak Crimean shore
  Are fighting side by side.

The bullet comes—and either
  A desolate hearth may see;
And God alone to-night knows where
  The vacant place may be!
The dread that stirs the peasant
  Thrills nobles' hearts with fear—
Yet above selfish sorrow
  Both hold their country dear.

The rich man who reposes
  In his ancestral shade,
The peasant at his ploughshare,
  The worker at his trade,
Each one his all has perilled,
  Each has the same great stake,
Each soul can but have patience,
  Each heart can only break!

Hushed is all party clamour;
  One thought in every heart,
One dread in every household,
  Has bid such strife depart.
England has called her children;
  Long silent—the word came
That lit the smouldering ashes
  Through all the land to flame.

O you who toil and suffer,
You gladly heard the call;
But those you sometimes envy
Have they not given their all?
O you who rule the nation,
Take now the toil-worn hand—
Brothers you are in sorrow,
In duty to your land.
Learn but this noble lesson
Ere Peace returns again,
And the life-blood of Old England
Will not be shed in vain.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW

AN INCIDENT OF THE SEPOY MUTINY

Pipes of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills!
Not the braes of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear;—
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;

But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
'Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day!' the soldier said;
'To-morrow, death 's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread.'

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground:
'Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound!'

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true;—
As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,

She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call:
'Hark! hear ye no' MacGregor's,
The grandest o' them all!'

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's;
'God be praised!—the march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!'

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne.
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and homelike strain;
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The Pipes at Lucknow played!

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore,
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Aye, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame:
He only knows, that not through *him*
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
One sheet of living snow;

The smoke, above his father's door,
In grey soft eddyings hung:
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself so young?

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;
Vain, those all-shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

SIR F. H. DOYLE.

THE POWER OF ARMIES

THE power of Armies is a visible thing,
Formal, and circumscribed in time and space;
But who the limits of that power shall trace
Which a brave People into light can bring
Or hide, at will,—for freedom combating
By just revenge inflamed? No foot may chase,

No eye can follow, to a fatal place
That power, that spirit, whether on the wing
Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the wind
Within its awful caves.—From year to year
Springs this indigenous produce far and near;
No craft this subtle element can bind,
Rising like water from the soil, to find
In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

W. Wordsworth.

ENGLAND'S DEAD

Son of the ocean isle!
Where sleep your mighty dead?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free, the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'erswayed,
With fearful power the noonday reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done!—
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far by Ganges' banks at night
Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on!
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone;—
There slumber England's dead!

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The western wilds among,
And free in green Columbia's woods
The hunter's bow is strung.

But let the floods rush on!
Let the arrow's flight be sped!
Why should *they* reck whose task is done?—
There slumber England's dead!

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on!
Let the fresh wreaths be shed!
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose,
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
And the northern night-clouds lower.

But let the ice drift on!
Let the cold-blue desert spread!
Their course with mast and flag is done,—
Even there sleep England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and wave!
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their grave?

Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free, the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

FELICIA HEMANS.

ODE WRITTEN IN 1746

How sleep the Brave who sink to rest
By all their Country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

W. COLLINS.

THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Mortality, behold and fear,
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones;
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where from their pulpits sealed with dust,
They preach, 'In greatness is no trust!'
Here 's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royal'st seed,
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin;
Here the bones of earth have cried,
'Though gods they were, as men they died;'
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.
Here 's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

F. Beaumont.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and His work pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued

And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath ; yet much remains
To conquer still ; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war, new foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains :
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw.

J. MILTON.

HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND

THE forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil th' unusèd armour's rust ;
Removing from the wall
The corselet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urgèd his active star :

And like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide :

(For 'tis all one to courage high
The emulous, or enemy ;
And with such, to enclose
Is more than to oppose ;)

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent ;
And Caesar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry heaven's flame ;
And if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd, and austere
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot),

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of Time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould ;

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain—
But those do hold or break
As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war
Where his were not the deepest scar ?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art ;

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case ;

That thence the royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn :
While round the armèd bands
Did clap their bloody hands ;

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try ;

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right ;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

—This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forcèd power :
So when they did design
The Capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run :
And yet in that the State
Foresaw its happy fate !

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed :
So much one man can do,
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust ;

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the Republic's hand—
How fit he is to sway,
That can so well obey !–

He to the Commons' feet presents
A Kingdom for his first year's rents,
And (what he may) forbears
His fame, to make it theirs :

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the Public's skirt.
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more does search
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

—What may not then our isle presume
While victory his crest does plume ?
What may not others fear
If thus he crowns each year ?

As Caesar he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all states not free
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-coloured mind,
But from this valour sad,
Shrink underneath the plaid—

Happy, if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on
And for the last effect
Still keep the sword erect:

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain.

A. MARVELL.

A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING

IT was a' for our rightfu' King,
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' King,
We e'er saw Irish land,
My dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My love and native land farewell,
For I maun cross the main,
My dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore;
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore,
My dear,
Adieu for evermore.

The sodger from the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again,
My dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk boune to sleep,
I think on him that 's far awa',
The lee-lang night, and weep,
My dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

R. BURNS.

A JACOBITE'S EPITAPH

To my true king I offered free from stain
Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.

For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep;
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I asked, an early grave.
O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spake like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

LORD MACAULAY.

HAME, HAME, HAME

HAME, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be,
O, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,
The larks shall sing me hame in my ain countree.
Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

The green leaf o' loyaltie's beginning for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will graw in my ain countree.

O, there 's nocht now frae ruin my country can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven, to open the grave :
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie,
May rise again an' fight for their ain countree.

The great now are gane, a' wha ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave ;
But the sun thro' the mirk blinks blythe in my e'e,
' I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree.'

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree !

A. CUNNINGHAM.

A LOYAL SONG

GOD save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King !
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King !

O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall ;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix—
God save us all !

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On George be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws;
And ever give us cause
With heart and voice to sing
God save the King!

H. CAREY.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

OH, to be in England
Now that April 's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That 's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

R. BROWNING.

GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND

Green fields of England! wheresoe'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
One image at our hearts we bear,
Green fields of England, everywhere.

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee
Past where the wave's last confines be,
Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.

Dear home in England, safe and fast
If but in thee my lot lie cast,
The past shall seem a nothing past
To thee, dear home, if won at last;
Dear home in England, won at last.

A. H. Clough.

THE ANNALS OF THE POOR

From the *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

T. GRAY.

MEN OF ENGLAND

Men of England! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood!
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on field and flood!
By the foes ye've fought, uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye've done,
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
Navies conquered—kingdoms won!
Yet, remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the freedom of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.
What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom?
What avails in lands of slavery
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb?
Pageants!—Let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.
Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sidney's matchless shade is yours,—
Martyrs in heroic story
Worth a hundred Agincourts!
We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crowned and mitred tyranny;—
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights—so will we!

T. Campbell.

TO THE CHRISTIANS

England ! awake ! awake ! awake !
Jerusalem thy sister calls !
Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death,
And close her from thy ancient walls ?

Thy hills and valleys felt her feet
Gently upon their bosoms move :
Thy gates beheld sweet Zion's ways ;
Then was a time of joy and love.

And now the time returns again :
Our souls exult, and London's towers
Receive the Lamb of God to dwell
In England's green and pleasant bowers.

W. Blake.

THE BUILDING OF JERUSALEM

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green ?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen ?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills ?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic Mills ?

Bring me my bow of burning gold !
Bring me my arrows of desire !
Bring me my spear ! O clouds, unfold !
Bring me my chariot of fire !

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

W. BLAKE.

A SONNET SEQUENCE

1802

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, oppressed,
To think that now our life is only dressed
For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblessed:
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower

Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart ;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

GREAT men have been among us ; hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom—better none :
The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.
These moralists could act and comprehend :
They knew how genuine glory was put on ;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendour : what strength was, that would not bend
But in magnanimous meekness. France, 'tis strange,
Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.
Perpetual emptiness ! unceasing change !
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road ;
But equally a want of books and men !

IT is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea

Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, ' with pomp of waters, unwithstood ',
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
Should perish ; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old :
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spoke ; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my Country—am I to be blamed ?
Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
For dearly must we prize thee ; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men ;
And I by my affection was beguiled :
What wonder if a poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child !

W. Wordsworth.

MERRY ENGLAND

THEY called Thee MERRY ENGLAND, in old time;
A happy people won for thee that name
With envy heard in many a distant clime;
And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st the same
Endearing title, a responsive chime
To the heart's fond belief; though some there are
Whose sterner judgements deem that word a snare
For inattentive Fancy, like the lime
Which foolish birds are caught with. Can, I ask,
This face of rural beauty be a mask
For discontent, and poverty, and crime;
These spreading towns a cloak for lawless will?
Forbid it, Heaven!—and MERRY ENGLAND still
Shall be thy rightful name, in prose and rhyme!

W. WORDSWORTH.

YOU ASK ME, WHY, THO' ILL AT EASE

YOU ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist,
Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent:

Where faction seldom gathers head,
But by degrees to fullness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.

LORD TENNYSON.

PITT AND FOX

WITH more than mortal powers endowed,
How high they soared above the crowd!
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place;
Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar;
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Looked up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were known
The names of PITT and FOX alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent, and, spent with these
The wine of life is on the lees:

Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tombed beneath the stone,
Where—taming thought to human pride!—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry,
'Here let their discord with them die.
Speak not for those a separate doom,
Whom Fate made Brothers in the tomb;
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like agen?'

Sir W. Scott.

THE PATRIOT

AN OLD STORY

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
A year ago on this very day!

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
Had I said, 'Good folk, mere noise repels—
But give me your sun from yonder skies!'
They had answered, 'And afterward, what else?'

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
  To give it my loving friends to keep!
Naught man could do, have I left undone:
  And you see my harvest, what I reap
This very day, now a year is run.

There 's nobody on the house-tops now—
  Just a palsied few at the windows set;
For the best of the sight is, all allow,
  At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
  A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
  For they fling, whoever has a mind,
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
  In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
'Paid by the World,—what dost thou owe
  Me?' God might question: now instead,
'Tis God shall repay! I am safer so.

R. Browning.

NOTES

P. 7. *Bridges.*—By permission of the Poet Laureate and *The Times*, where it was published, Aug. 8, 1914.

P. 10. *Shakespeare.*—*King Richard II*, II. i.; *King John*, v. vii.

P. 11. *Swinburne.*—By permission of Mr. Mackenzie Bell and the other Trustees who control the copyrights.

P. 15. *Henley.*—By permission of Messrs. David Nutt.

P. 17. *Tennyson.*—Lines from the 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington'. The concluding stanzas of 'Love thou thy land' are omitted.

P. 19. *Austin.*—By permission of Messrs. Macmillan.

P. 22. *Cowper.*—From *The Task*, Book ii.

P. 25. *Patmore.*—From *The Victories of Love*: 'Felix to Honoria.' The scriptural allusion is to Isa. ix. 3.

P. 29. *Scott.*—From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

P. 30. *Mangan.*—This and Swinburne's 'Oblation' on p. 35 are patriotic poems, though often regarded as love poems. The latter is reprinted by permission of Mr. Mackenzie Bell and the other Trustees.

P. 33. *Moore.*—The hero is Emmet, the Minstrel Sarah Curran.

P. 38. *Waller.*—A few lines from 'A War with Spain'.

P. 46. *Dobson.*—By permission of Mr. Austin Dobson and Messrs. Kegan Paul.

P. 47. *Newbolt.*—By permission of the author; as also 'Admirals all' on p. 65—from *Poems New and Old*, published by Mr. John Murray.

P. 48. 'The Honour of Bristol.' The text follows that given in *Sea Songs and Ballads* (Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry). It is not certain that the author was Lawrence Price; the date is thought to have been 1635.

P. 62. *Browning.*—From 'Nationality in Drinks'.

P. 62. *Swinburne.*—By permission of Mr. Mackenzie Bell and the other Trustees.

P. 64. *Blunt.*—By permission of the author.

Pp. 68, 69. *Shakespeare.*—These passages are from *King Henry V*: the first from the opening chorus in Act I, and the second from Act IV, Scene iii.

P. 71. 'Agincourt.'—The text follows that given in *War*

Songs (Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry), reprinted from Collier's *Shakespeare*, ed. 1858, vol. iii, p. 538.

P. 78. 'Lord Willoughby.'—Described as 'A true relation of a Famous and Bloody Battel fought in Flanders, by the noble and valiant Lord Willoughby, with 1,500 English against 40,000 Spaniards, where the English obtained a notable victory, for the glory and renown of our Nation'. Mr. Ebsworth gives 1587 or 1588 as the probable date, and suggests that the ballad is by the same author as 'Mary Ambree', who appears to have been an imaginary though very popular character. The text in *War Songs* is followed in both ballads.

P. 85. 'The British Grenadiers.'—It is pointed out by Mr. Christopher Stone in *War Songs* that this cannot be older than 1678, when the Grenadier Company was formed, nor later than 1714, when hand-grenades were discontinued.

P. 86. *Burns.*—This is dated April, 1795.

P. 90. *Wordsworth.*—From 'Ode: The Morning of the Day appointed for a General Thanksgiving. January 18, 1816'.

P. 98. *Doyle.*—'Some Sikhs and a private of the Buffs having remained behind with the grog carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning they were brought before the authorities, and commanded to perform the *Kotow*. The Sikhs obeyed; but Moyse, the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown on a dunghill.'—*The Times.* (An incident in the China War, which ended in 1860.)

P. 99. *Wordsworth.*—This was written in 1811.

P. 111. *Carey.*—This was written for two voices and sung at the Theatres Royal. It was published in 1742.

P. 116. *Blake.*—The first is from 'Jerusalem', the second from 'Milton'.

P. 117. *Wordsworth.*—These five sonnets, all composed in 1802 or 1803, are Nos. xiii–xvii of the 'Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty'. The 'Merry England' sonnet is one of the itinerary poems of 1833.

P. 120. *Tennyson.*—The concluding stanzas are omitted.

P. 121. *Scott.*—This tribute comes from the introduction of the first canto of *Marmion*, addressed to W. S. Rose.

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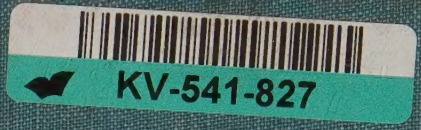
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